

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

"Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion, unto the Lord our God."—JEREMIAH.

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FELO DE SE.

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FELO DE SE is, in law, one who commits felony by suicide, or by deliberately destroying his own natural life. The original of the term felon, primarily signifies a vassal who failed in his allegiance or fidelity to his lord, and committed an offence which resulted in the forfeiture of his goods or estate. It secondarily signifies a rebel or traitor. This destruction of one's own natural life, is regarded as an offence revolting in its character, as it is the result of a deliberate purpose, and evidences the possession of a cowardly spirit, a wicked and corrupt heart. By the commission of this offence, the king is deprived of a subject, the community of a member. To prevent its commission a penalty was inflicted, by the forfeiture of the victim's goods and chattels to the lord or king. To this was sometimes added the hanging and quartering of the body; sometimes the body was suspended in a public place in a state of nudity, especially female bodies, and always what is termed unchristian burial.

But stop: we do not purpose to write a treatise at this time on this subject in its legal sense, but wish to

refer to it only by way of comparison. Man is possessed of what may be termed a compound life—a natural life, or life of the body, and the life of the spirit. The former cannot exist without the latter, while the latter may, and does exist independently of the former. The spiritual life then, relatively, is of much the greater worth. The life of the body may be destroyed in many different ways, either by one's self or the acts of others. In like manner may the life of the spirit be destroyed by the acts of the person himself; but unlike in this, that the life of the spirit cannot be destroyed by the acts of other persons. We wish to be understood in the use of the phrase spiritual life, onward in this article, to mean that life which is enjoyed by those who have been cleansed from sin by an observance of the Gospel ordinances, and thereby become dead to sin, but alive to righteousness. Does it not follow then that the term *felo de se* may, with greater force, be applied to those whose acts produce within themselves a spiritual death, than to those whose acts destroy the natural life? Because of the knowledge gained by such, it is not to be

supposed that any person in possession of this spiritual life will, in a single moment, resolve to do the mortal sin. But such are operated on, unless by vigilance prevented, by an influence like that exerted by the Vampyre Bat, which, while it sucks the life blood of the sleeper, gently fans its victim with its wings, to prevent an awakening to a sense of the imminent danger. That this spiritual death may be produced by slow degrees, does not change the final results of such a state—it only adds to the danger of the power which threatens to destroy, and should cause a more earnest watch-guard to be maintained by all who have been made partakers of the spiritual life, lest they, through the many temptations presented before them, yield to the performance of one act which will tend to weaken the vital force within them, and thus fix the initial point of their own destruction.

Those who are in possession of this spiritual life, owe service and allegiance with fidelity to their Lord who is king, by virtue of the covenants made and entered into by the contracting parties. This service is unlike that claimed by the lord of his vassal, which is menial in its nature and character; but that service rendered to God is ennobling in its character, exalting those who perform the same to honors of kings and princes, and qualifies the subject for the royal society of heaven. This service is a warfare against sin in one's self, an effort to overcome the same, and to bring all things in subjection to the law of Christ. This service may also be considered an anomaly because of this, that all the benefits resulting from such service are secured to those by whom it is rendered. But, if like the vassal, the spiritual man fails in allegiance to his Lord, he in like manner forfeits his goods, namely, his hopes of heaven, eternal life, celestial joys, the realization of which is the reward of strict fidelity. He also becomes a rebel and a traitor to the government of God, for as it is written, He that is not for us is against us. How much greater the heinousness of the traitor to God's government, than to any human system of rule, for all human governments are themselves the crea-

tures of rebellion to rightful authority.

From whom is this spiritual life obtained, and by what means? It is obtained from God, who is the author to man of all good, and who, through the Priesthood, has revealed for the individual benefit and the maintenance of his own justice, a knowledge of man's condition devoid of spiritual life, the means necessary to procure this life, and to ever sustain the same, and the resulting benefits to the creature by the use of such means. He has also revealed how this spiritual life may be destroyed, and the results of its destruction, thereby leaving all men in the free exercise of their agency, and because of which, responsibility attaches and renders meritorious the punishment and the reward. The means by which it is obtained are—1st, faith in God and in his Son; 2nd, repentance of all sins, by forsaking every evil way; 3rd, baptism in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sin. An exercise of living faith leads to repentance, which performed, renders worthy the candidate for baptism. By this Gospel ordinance does the repentant individual become a new creature in Christ. By it he puts off the old man with his evil deeds, which he buries in the likeness of Christ's death, is born again of the water, and rises to a newness of spiritual life, like unto Christ's glorious resurrection. By being thus born of the water as the preparatory requisite, he is born of the spirit, and as that which is born of the spirit is spirit, he becomes a spiritual being, and as a consequence, filled with spiritual life, the preservation of which is by the works of righteousness, which is implicit obedience to God's laws. By being thus made spiritually alive, the person becomes a citizen of the kingdom of God, and as a citizen, owes allegiance to that kingdom. But failing in that allegiance, he forfeits all blessings obtainable in this kingdom, which are virtue, truth, holiness, and in short, every expedient good. The question which now presents itself is—How can this spiritual life be maintained? We have already shown that the only means by which spiritual life may be obtained, is through obedience to the Gospel as revealed through

the Priesthood. By a continuation of this obedience is the spirit of revelation given, and this spirit of revelation imparts wisdom, knowledge, understanding, and all the gifts of the Holy Spirit, by which the spiritual life in man is strengthened, developed, and maintained. As the Gospel is the science of life, by a knowledge thereof, coupled with obedience to its precepts, are we enabled not only to become possessed of, but also to retain possession of spiritual life forever. Being in a probationary state, a state of humility, with our judgment taken away, we have need constantly of the light of inspiration, to enable us to discriminate between the whisperings of the spirit of truth and the temptations of evil, to which temptations we will be subjected at least while in mortality. If, therefore, the receiving and retaining of spiritual life be by obedience to God's laws as admini-

stered by his Priesthood, it follows as a necessity, that by continued acts of disobedience, the spiritual life may be destroyed, and this destruction, as before remarked, will result only from the acts of the individual person. The person thus destroying the spiritual life, withholds the allegiance due to his Lord, becomes a rebel and a traitor to God's government, and incurs as a consequent penalty, a forfeiture of his hopes of eternal life. Let all persons who are in possession of spiritual life, so render obedience that they may preserve the same, that they may ever enjoy the spirit of revelation to guide them in the way of truth, and be able to discern between good and evil. Then will they not be overcome by the temptation of the world, neither bring on themselves the just retribution of the spiritual *felo de se*.

A. MINER.

THE SAINTS' FLIGHT—THEIR SETTLEMENT IN UTAH.

(From Hepworth Dixon's *New America*.)

Under a new leader, Brigham Young, —a man of lowly birth, of keen humor, of unerring good sense,—the sect emerged from its condition of internal strife; putting on a more decent garb, closing up its broken ranks, laboring with a new zeal, extending its missionary work. Finding that through recent troubles his position on the Mississippi had become untenable, Young advised his followers to yield their prize, to quit the world in which they had found no peace, and set up their tabernacles in one of those distant wilds in the far West, which were then trodden by no feet of men, except those of a few Red Indian tribes, Utes, Pawnees, Shoshones, in what was called the American desert, and was considered by everybody as No-man's land. It was a bold device. Beyond the western prairies, beyond the Rocky Mountains, lay a howling wilderness of salt and stones, a property which no white man had yet been greedy enough to claim. Some pope, in the middle ages, had bestowed it on the

crown of Spain, from which it had fallen, as a paper waste, to the Mexican Republic; but neither Spaniard nor Mexican had ever gone up north into the land to possess it. In the centre of this howling wilderness lay a Dead Sea, not less terrible than Bahr Lout, the Sea of Lot. One-fourth of its water was known to be solid salt. The creeks which run into it were said to be putrid; the wells around it were known to be bitter; and the shores for many miles were crusted white with saleratus. These shores were like nothing else on earth, except the Syrian Ghor, and they were more forbidding than the Syrian Ghor in this particular, that the waters of Salt Lake are dull, impure, and the water lines studded with ditches and pools, intolerable to the nostrils of living men. To crown its repulsive features, this desert of salt, of stones, and of putrid creeks, was shut off from the world, eastward by the Rocky Mountains, westward by the Sierra Nevada, ranges of alps high as the chain of Mont

Blanc, and covered with eternal ice and snow.

The red men who roamed over this country in search of roots and insects, were known to be the most savage and degraded tribes of their savage and degraded race. A herd of bison, a flight of gulls, a swarm of locusts, peopled the plain with a fitful life. In spring, when a little verdure rose upon the ground, a little wild sage, a few dwarf sunflowers, the locusts sprang from the earth and stript the few green plants of every leaf and twig. No forests could be seen; the grass, where it grew, appeared to be rank and thin. Only the wild sage and the dwarf sunflower seemed to find food in the soil, plants which are useless to man, and were then thought to be poisonous to his beast.

Trappers, who had looked down on the Salt Valley from peaks and passes in the Wasatch Mountains, pictured it as a region without life, without a green slope, even without streams and springs. The wells were said to be salt, as the fields were salt. Finding no wood, and scarcely any fresh water in that region, these explorers had set their seal upon this great American desert as a waste unfit for the dwelling, incapable of the sustenance, of civilized men. But Young thought otherwise. He knew that where the Saint had struck his spade into the ground—at Kirtland in Ohio, at Independence in Missouri, at Nauvoo in Illinois—he had been always blessed with a plentiful crop; and the new "Mormon" seer had faith in the same strong sinews, in the same rough hands, in the same keen will, being able to draw harvests of grain from the desolate valley of Salt Lake.

A carpenter by trade, Young knew how to fell trees, to shape logs, to build carts and trucks, to stake out ground, to erect temporary sheds. The Saints whom he would have to lead were inured to labor and privation; being chiefly New England artisans and Western farmers, men who could turn their hands to any trade, who could face any difficulty, execute any work. An equal number of either English or French converts would have perished in the attempt to move across the plains and the mountains;

but the native American is a man of all trades—a banker, a butcher, a carpenter, a clerk, a teamster, a statesman, anything at a pinch, everything in its turn—a man rich in resources and ingenuities, so that a baker can build you a bridge, a preacher can catch you a wild horse, a lawyer can bake you hot cakes. Young knew that in crossing the great plains, and in climbing the great ranges, which are loosely clubbed together under the name of Rocky Mountains, the privations of his people would be sharp; but to his practical eye these sufferings of the flesh appeared to be such as brave men could be trained by example to bear and not die. Food and seed might be carried in their light wagons, and a little malt whisky would correct the alkali in the bitter creeks. In his band of disciples every man was master of some craft; every woman was either a dairy-maid, a baker, a seamstress, a laundress; nay, the children could be turned to account in the desert roads, for every American girl can milk a cow, every American boy can drive a team.

A party of pioneers (many of whom are still alive in Salt Lake Valley) having been sent forward to explore and report, the word to move on westward was at length given by Young, and in every family of Nauvoo preparations were made for a journey, unmatched in history since the days when Moses led the Israelites out of Egypt. The Saints broke up their cheery homes. They gathered, in their haste, a little food, a few roots and seeds, a dozen kegs of spirits. Then they yoked their mules, their oxen, to the country wagons. Those who were too poor to buy wagons and oxen, made for themselves trucks and wheelbarrows. Pressed upon by their foes, they marched away from Nauvoo, even while the winter was yet hard upon them, crossed the Mississippi on the ice, and started on a journey of fifteen hundred miles, through a country without a road, without a bridge, without a village, without an inn, without wells, cattle, pastures, and cultivated land. As Elder John Taylor told me, they left everything behind; their corn-fields, their gardens, their pretty houses, with the books, carpets, pianos,

everything which they contained. The distance to be conquered by these emigrants, was equal to that from London to Lemberg, six times that from Cairo to Jerusalem. Their route lay through a prairie peopled by Pawnees, Shoshones, wolves and bears; it was broken by rapid rivers, barred by a series of mountain chains; and the haven to be reached, after all their toils and dangers, was the shores of a Dead Sea, lying in a sterile valley; a land watered with brine, and pastures sown with salt.

The tale of that journey of the Saints, as we hear it from the lips of Young, of Wells, of Taylor, and of other old men who made it, is a story to wring and yet nerve the hearts of all generous men. When these "Mormons" were driven by violence from the roofs which they had built, the fields which they had tilled, the days were short and snow lay thick upon the ground. Everything, save a little food for the wayside, a few corn-seeds and potato-roots for the coming year, had to be abandoned to their armed and riotous enemies; the homes which they had made, the temple they had just finished, the graves they had recently dug. Frost bit their little ones in the hands and feet. Hunger and thirst tormented both young and aged. Long plains of sands, into which the wagon-wheels sank to the axle-trees, separated the scanty supplies of water. Wells there were none. Mirage often mocked them with its promise; and even when they came to creeks and streams, they often found them bitter to the taste and dangerous to health. The days were short and cold, and the absence of any other shelter from the frost than the bit of canvass roof, made the nights of winter terrible to all. Horses sickened by the way. Disease broke out among the cows and sheep, so that milk ran short, and the supplies of mutton were dressed and cooked in fear. Some of the poor, the aged, and the ailing, had then to be left behind; with them a guard of young men who could ill be spared.

Nor was this loss of a part of their youth and strength the whole of their calamity in this opening stage of their emigration. Just at the hour when every male arm was most precious to

these exiles, the Mexican war broke out; and a government which had never been strong enough to do them right, came down to them for help in arms and men. Young answered the appeal of his country like a patriot: five hundred youths, the flower of his migrating bands, stepped out before him, and with the blessing of their chief upon their heads, they mustered themselves into the invading corps.

Weakened by the departure of this living force, the "Mormons" crossed the Missouri River in a ferry made by themselves, entered on the great wilderness, the features of which they laid down on a map, making a rough road, and throwing light bridges over streams, as they went on; collecting grass and herbs for their own use; sowing corn for those who were to come later in the year; raising temporary sheds in which their little ones might sleep; and digging caves in the earth as a refuge from the winter snow. Their food was scarce, their water bad, and such wild game as they could find in the plains, the elk, the antelope, the buffalo, poisoned their blood. Nearly all the malt whisky which they had brought from Nauvoo to correct the bad water, had been seized on the road, and the kegs staved in, by agents of government, on pretence of its being meant for the redskins, to whom it was unlawful for the whites to sell any ardent spirits. Four kegs only had been saved: saved by Brigham Young himself. An Elder, who was present in the boat, and who told me the anecdote, says it is the only time he ever remembers to have seen the Prophet in a rage. Four kegs were on board the ferry, when the officer seized them and began to knock in the staves; in that spirit lay the lives of the people; and when Brigham saw the man raise his mallet, he drew his pistol, levelled it at his head, and cried, "Stay your hand! If you touch that keg, you die by the living God!" The man jumped off the ferry and troubled them no more.

In our journey across the plains, though the time was August, the weather fine, the passage swift, we suffered keenly from the want of fresh food and of good water. My companion sickened from bile into dysentery;

no meat, no drink, would lie in his stomach; nothing but the cognac in our flasks. The water almost killed him. His sun-burnt face grew chalky-white; his limbs hung feeble and relaxed; his strong physique so drooped that a man at one of the ranches, after looking at him for a moment with a curious eye, came up to me, and said, "You will feel very lonely when he is left behind." My own attack came later, and in another form. The skin of my hands peeled off, as if it had been either frayed or scraped with a knife; boils came out upon my back; a pock started on my under eye-lid; my fingers had the appearance of scorbutic eruptions.

These two diseases, Taylor told me, ravaged the camp of emigrants. Many sickened of dysentery, still more suffered from scurvy.

Some of the Saints fell back in the face of these terrible trials. More fainted by the wayside, and were mournfully laid in their desert graves. Every day there came a funeral, every night there was fresh mourning in the camp. The waste of life is always very great in the emigrant trains; even now, when the roads are made and the stations are provisioned with vegetable food. Of the train which I saw come in, six had perished on the plains. A young lady told me that eighty had died in the train by which she had arrived; forty would perhaps be an average loss in the mountains and the plains. But no subsequent train has ever suffered like the first. "The waste of life was great," said Brigham Young, as he told me the dreadful tale. Yet the brave, unbroken body of male and female Saints toiled along the frozen way. When their hearts were very low, a band of music struck up some lively air, in which the people joined, and forgot their woes. By day they sang hymns, at night they danced round the watch-fires. Gloom, asperity, asceticism, they banished from their camps and from their thoughts. Among the few treasures which they had carried with them from Nauvoo was a printing-press; and a sheet of news, printed and published by the wayside, carried words of good counsel into every part of the camp.

After crossing the sands and creeks which have since become known to civilized men on maps and charts as Nebraska and Dakota, they arrived at the foot of the first great range of those high and broken chains of alps which are commonly grouped together under the name of Rocky Mountains; over these high barriers there was yet no path; and the defiles leading through them were buried in drifts of snow. How the Saints toiled up these mountain-sides, dragging with them oxen and carts, foraging for food, baking their bread and cooking their meat, without help and without guides, it brings tears into the eyes of aged men to tell. The young and bold went forward in advance; driving away the bears and wolves; stoning the rattlesnakes; chasing the elk and the wild deer; making a path for the women and the old men. At length, when they had reached the summit of the pass, they gazed upon a series of arid and leafless plains, of dry river-beds, of verdureless hill-sides, of alkaline bottoms; pools of bitter water, narrow canyons and gorges, abrupt and steep. Day by day, week after week, they toiled over these bleak sierras, through these forbidding valleys. Food was running out; wild game became scarce; the Utes and Snakes were unfriendly; and at the end of their journey, should they ever reach it, lay the dry Salt desert, in which they had consented to come and dwell!

Yet they were not disheartened by these hostile aspects of the country; they had not expected a verdant paradise; they knew that the land had never been seized, because it had not been considered worth taking from the Indian tribes; they expected to find here nothing beyond peace and freedom, a place in which they could take their chance with Nature, and to which they could invite the Saints, their brethren, to a country of their own. Descending the passes with beating hearts and clanging trumpets, they entered on their lonely inheritance; marched upon this slope above the Jordan, near the conical hill on which Brigham had seen the angel in his sleep; laid down the plan of a new city; explored the canyons and water-courses into the hills; and in a few

days found, to their sudden joy, not only springs of fresh water, but woody nooks and grassy mounds and slopes.

Not an hour was lost. "The first duty of a Saint when he comes to this valley," said Brigham Young to me, "is to learn how to grow a vegetable; after which he must learn how to rear pigs and fowls, to irrigate his land, and to build up his house. The rest will come in time." Ruled from the first by this practical genius, every man fell to his work. Deseret—country of the Bee—was announced as the Promised Land and future home of the Saints. It was to them as an unknown, unappropriated soil, and they hoped to found upon it an independent State.

Soon the aspects of this desert valley began to change under their cunning hands; creeks from the hills being coaxed into new paths; fields being cleared and sown; homesteads rising from the ground; sheep and cattle beginning to dot the hills; salt-pits and saw-mills being established; fruit trees being planted, and orchards taught to bloom and bear. Roads were laid out and made. When the "Mormon" herdsmen entered the hill ravines, they found pine and cottonwood, elder, birch, and box; materials precious for the building of their new homes. A new Jerusalem sprang from the ground; a temple was commenced; a newspaper was published. Walnut and other hard woods were planted in favorable spots. The redskins who had long been the dread of all scouts and trappers in the far West, were won by courtesies and gifts; and in a few months they appeared to have been changed from enemies of the white men into allies. "We found it cheaper," said Colonel Little, "to feed the Indians than to fight them;" and this policy of feeding the Utes and Snakes has been pursued by Young, with two or three brief intervals of misunderstanding, from the day of his first settlement in the valley. For two or three trying years, the Saints of Salt Lake had to wage war against locusts and crickets, those plagues of the older Canaan; but by help of gulls from the lakes, and of their own devices in trapping and pounding the insects, the "Mor-

mons" contrived to preserve their crops of corn and fruit. A year went by, and the "Mormons" had not perished in the waste. On the contrary, they had begun to grow, and even to make money. Year after year they have increased in numbers and in wealth, until their merchants are known in London and New York, and their city has become a wonder of the earth.

What are the secrets of this surprising growth of the new society out in these western deserts?

"Look around you," said Young to me, "if you want to know what kind of people we are. Nineteen years ago this valley was a desert, growing nothing but the wild sage and the dwarf sunflower; we who came into it brought nothing with us but a few oxen and wagons, and a bag of seeds and roots; the people who came after us, many of them weavers and artisans, brought nothing, not a cent, not even skill and usage of the soil; and when you look from this balcony you can see what we have made of it."

How, above all other settlers in the waste lands of western America, have the Saints achieved this work?

Is it an answer to say that these Saints are dupes and fanatics? Nothing is easier than to laugh at Joe Smith and his church; but what then? The great facts remain. Young and his people are at Utah; a church of two hundred thousand souls; an army of twenty thousand rifles. You may smile at Joseph's gift of tongues; his discovery of Urim and Thummin (which he supposed to have been a pair of spectacles!); his Sword of Laban; his prose works of Abraham; his Egyptian papyrus; his "Mormon" paper money; his thirty-nine articles. You may prove, with a swift and biting irony, that the weakest side of this new faith is the actual life of its founder; but will your wit disperse this camp of fanatics? Will your laughter shake down the walls of this New Jerusalem? Will your irony change the Utes and Shoshones into enemies of these Saints? Will your arguments arrest those bands of missionaries which are employed in preaching, in a hundred places and to thousands of willing ears, the Gospel as it

was in Joseph? The hour has gone by, as Americans feel, for treating this Church in sport.

In England, though our soil is said to be the nursery of the Saints, we have not yet learned to think of "Mormonism" otherwise than as one of our many humors; as a rash that comes out from time to time in our social body; a sign, perhaps, of our occasional lack of health; no one among us has learned to regard it as the symptom of a disease which may be lying at the seat of life. Has Convocation ever given up a day to the Book of Mormon? Has a bishop ever visited the Saints in Commercial Road? Two or three ministers may have fired off pamphlets against them; but have any of these reverend fathers been to see them in their London homes? Rare, indeed, has been this holy strife even on the part of private men. But our brethren in America can hardly affect to treat the Saints in this easy style. The new Church is visible among them; for good and evil it is in their system; not a humor to be cast out like a rash upon the skin. Up to this time our own Saints have been taught to regard England as Egypt, and their own dwelling-place as exile from a brighter home. America is to them Canaan, Salt Lake City a New Jerusalem. I do not say that this is good for us, though it has an appearance of being good, since it relieves us of a painful duty, and removes from the midst of our cities a cause of shame. The poor, the aged, the feeble, among the Saints, may be left behind in our streets, to die, as they think and say, in the house of bondage; but the rich, the young, the zealous, are bound by their faith to go forward and possess themselves of the Promised Land. With the younger Saints, especially with the female Saints, a change of air is always recommended on a change of creed. Thousands emigrate, though it is also true that thousands remain behind. In London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and in other cities, the Saints have schools and chapels, books and journals, of which Oxford knows little, and Mayfair less. Not being a political sect, never asking for any right, never urging any wrong; content with doing

their work in peace; they escape notice from the press, and engage the thoughts of society as little as the Moravians and the Plymouth Brethren. In London society you may hear in any one week more speculation about Prince and Home, the Abode of Love and the Spiritual Spheres, than you will hear about Young and Deseret in six months. The Saints are not in society; but in Boston, Washington, and New York, these "Mormons" are a fearful portent, threatening to become a formidable power. Already they have put jurists into session and armies into motion. Colfax, the Speaker, has been to confer with Young, and committees of Congress are sitting on the affairs of Utah. The day appears to be drawing nigh, when the problems which these "Mormons" put before the world may have to be considered by practical men, not in colleges and chapels only, not in senates and in courts of law only, but in the camp and in the battle-field.

That question of how these "Mormons" are to be dealt with by the American people, is one of the strangest riddles of an age which has bridged the ocean, put a girdle of lightning round the earth, and tamed to its service the fiery steeds of the sun. A true reply may be far to seek; for we have not yet resolved, finally, how far thought is free from the control of law; and to what extent toleration of creeds implies toleration of the conduct which springs from creeds. One step in advance towards such a reply, must be an attempt to find what "Mormonism" is, and by what means it has grown. It cannot be put aside as either unmixed foolishness or unalloyed vice. Strange as the new sectarians may seem to us, they must have in their keeping some grain of truth. They live and thrive, and men who live by their own labor, thrive by their own enterprise, cannot be altogether mad. Their streets are clean, their houses bright, their gardens fruitful. Peace reigns in their cities. Harlots and drunkards are unknown among them. They keep open more common schools than any other sect in the United States. But being what they are, believing what they do, their merits are perhaps more trying to our

patience than their crimes. It is | dure them a little better, if they would
 thought that many persons in the | only behave themselves a good deal
 United States would be able to en- | worse.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

UNION AND GOOD GOVERNMENT IN UTAH.

THE UNION among the Saints in Utah is among the incomprehensible features of our society in the estimation of the world: they cannot comprehend how it is that in religion, in politics, in spiritual and temporal things, we think and act as a unit. To see a whole Territory, as large in area as England, occupied by a hundred thousand souls, all united as one living body, all voting, in Church matters, in one way, all concentrating upon one man as their Prophet and leader, all acting, as one man, in the choice of Church and civil officers, is a phenomenon strange and unaccountable to this generation. Some have denounced this union, as contrary to the genius of a republican form of government, considering it dangerous to American institutions, and subverting the rights and independence of American citizens. But let us carefully inquire into the characteristics of a free republican government, and into the Constitutional rights guaranteed to American citizens. Is there anything in the American Constitution that requires citizens to be divided in religion or politics? Does that instrument require any State or Territory to have two or more opposition candidates for any civil or military office? Does it require any denomination or Church to be divided in their choice of ecclesiastical officers? Does it require the people to be divided into whigs, democrats, and other political parties? Does it require the State and Territorial Legislatures to be divided in the enactment of laws? Does it prohibit them from being unanimous in their votes? If the democrats were to emigrate in sufficient numbers into a new Territory, and be unanimous in all their elections in voting for one delegate to Congress, would they be considered anti-republican in form? If the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, or any other religious society, were to be the great majority of any State or Territory, and vote unanimously for their civil, military, and ecclesiastical officers, would they, in the least, subvert a republican form of government. The answer to all these questions is emphatically, no, no.

A republican form of government is one established by the voice of the people, limited only by the Constitution. It is originated and conducted either by a majority or unanimity. The highest and most perfect form of this gov-

ernment, is when the voice of the people is unanimous in originating and administering the same. In the more imperfect forms of this government, when but a small majority rules, the minority feel themselves aggrieved, but still they are obliged to yield, because they are out-numbered by their political antagonists; and whether this minority be small or great, they have no remedy; the genius of the government is such that the majority must rule; but when this majority attains a maximum, that is, becomes unanimous, there is no minority to complain—none to be aggrieved—none to carry on a bitter political quarrel—none to disturb the repose of themselves and others by angry disputations—all is peace—all is perfect order and quietness—union and strength are the results. A united republican form of government is, therefore, immensely superior to a divided, distracted one: both are Constitutional, both are republican. The more imperfect form is adapted to a mixed state of society; the perfect one to a united society: but both tend to the same end, namely, to protect the minority or the individual in all his Constitutional rights; to give him protection in life and property, in liberty and the pursuit of happiness, in freedom of speech and of conscience, and perfect freedom in religious worship. These are the grand principles guaranteed by the American Constitution, to all citizens, whether of States or Territories.

Utah has claimed her rights; she asks no more. She has established, both by her laws, and her execution of the same, the most perfect equality for all American citizens. In that Territory, all religious denominations enjoy equal rights and privileges—no one is precribed—no one is molested in their religious rights and worship. All classes of persons of whatever sect or creed, whether religious or irreligious, are equally protected in person and property, from violence, persecution, and all unlawful or criminal acts. No ecclesiastical body has any preferences in law. The "Mormon" can claim no privilege in law over the Methodist, Jew, Mahometan, or Chinese. The records of the Courts in Utah show an impartiality in the administration of justice. The merchants, bankers, and all other professions, calling themselves "Gentiles," who have been citizens of the Territory for years, have been equally protected by law with the "Mormons," as their own testimony, and the decisions of the Courts, abundantly show.

In Utah there are no vigilance committees to mar the peace of law-abiding citizens. Crime is comparatively unknown, except as it is occasionally introduced by a transient population of miners, army loafers, and renegades who enter the Territory, with no other object in view, only to steal, plunder, and murder their victims, and, if possible, escape with their booty to the surrounding Territories. But thanks to the vigilance of the Utah police and other civil officers, who are generally successful in detecting and arresting these outlaws, and bringing them before the civil tribunals. But the watchful, loyal, law-abiding citizens, being immensely superior in numbers to the few criminal vagabonds, have succeeded admirably in preserving the peace of the Territory. And there is no place on the American continent so free from crime, so quiet and peaceable as in Utah. It can be stated from the records of the Courts, and from other incontestible evidence, that Utah has not one-twentieth of the crime of other States and Territories of proportionate population.

What is the cause of this peaceful, quiet, happy state of things? It is because

the most of the population of Utah are Latter-day Saints, whose religion teaches them to live peaceably with one another, and as far as possible, with all men. These people sought their abode in this desert mountain country that they might enjoy quietness, and serve God, and live the holy, pure, and peaceful life of Christians. We have not been exclusive in our enjoyments; but have for years freely invited the good of all nations, whether "Mormons" or any other denomination, to come and dwell in Utah, if they desired so to do. All the conditions required, were to be good, law-abiding citizens, and to help promote the peace and welfare of the Territory. When clergymen of the Church of England, or of any other denomination, have visited our chief city, the Saints have cheerfully proffered to them the use of a large and commodious tabernacle, holding nearly three thousand souls, and have filled the house to overflowing, and listened with the most profound silence to the lectures and discourses of other religious ministers. This is a compliment that no religious society feel to tender to the Latter-day Saint missionaries. Every church and chapel in England and elsewhere is carefully closed against our ministers. But never mind, we will not render evil for evil; send forth your learned and talented divines to Utah, and we will not only furnish them large chapels, but large and attentive audiences, and not interrupt them in their lectures and sermons. The people of Utah, their industry, their prayerful and holy lives,—the continued peace which pervades all their settlements,—the righteousness of their dealings one with another, and with all men,—the universal union that binds them together as one,—is our sermon; it is a sermon too that speaks louder than words—a practical sermon, presented to the eye as well as to the ear,—a sermon that penetrates every honest inquiring visitor who goes through our hundred towns and villages, and beholds the grand results of a united, righteous, industrious people. This is the practical working of a sermon that preaches to all the world—that proclaims to all people that, God is in Utah.

The people of Utah are more loyal to the government of the United States, than any other State or Territory. The press and politicians in every State are finding great fault with different departments of the government. Not so, with the people of Utah; they love and adore the great Constitution—the MAGNA CHARTA of American liberties, and the great and free government, established upon its broad foundations. To procure that sacred boon, their fathers fought, and bled, and died, and bequeathed the rich inheritance of freedom to generations unborn. The Utonians go further; they believe that the Almighty God laid the foundations of the government, and indirectly inspired the framers of the Constitution: so it was revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and printed in the Revelations given through him. To be disloyal to the Constitution would be virtually an apostacy from our religion. A disloyal man to the sacred Constitutional government of the United States, is a traitor to "Mormonism," a traitor to the revelations given through our Prophet, a traitor to all those high and noble aspirations of the sons of freedom,—and cannot be a Saint.

Constitutional rights and Constitutional freedom are all that man can desire or ought to ask from civil government. Utah does not desire nor ask for more. But she feels unwilling to be deprived of her rightful inheritance: she is entirely opposed to have all these sacred rights cruelly wrested from her citizens, by the strong hand of despotic power,—to yield up the sacred treasure of religious liberty, and see the freedom of conscience crushed and stamped out by tyrants

in power. She may be forced to submit to the cruel ordeal, but not willingly; she will plead for protection before the tribunals of man, and before the high courts of heaven; and that God who controls the destiny of nations, will preserve the great fabric of American liberty, and rescue his loyal servants, and thrust the enemies of the government down to hell, and establish universal liberty and freedom for all flesh.

The people of Utah are now small; but the day is near, when the Saints will save the tottering government, from the fearful revolutionary elements that would otherwise crush, overpower, and annihilate the same. The Saints are bound to be great; it is their destiny. Utah is too small for our inheritance: we shall seek our former home—the inheritances which we purchased of the government in Western Missouri, a land more fertile than Utah—a land on which it rains. In Missouri we shall build the New Jerusalem, and not in Utah. There, upon the fertile soil of Jackson county, will be the head quarters—the capital city of a great people—a people persecuted, scattered, and peeled. From that sacred land, we shall spread forth, and build up cities, towns, and villages, and enjoy all the religious, civil, and political rights, guaranteed to citizens and to States, while the enemies of God and good government will be known no more.

O. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rotterdam, Holland, Jan. 21, 1867.
Elder Pratt.

Dear Brother,—Hoping it will not be deemed intrusive, I take this opportunity of giving you a brief narration of my visit to this Mission.

Perhaps a few lines in regard to the country will not be without some little interest. Holland, as you are doubtless aware, comprises some of the lowest land on the continent of Europe. The following canto from Hudibras, describes it most graphically, though a little over charged,—

“A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a leak.”

It is scarcely possible for a person to conceive of a land more diverse, in all its geographical details, from our dear mountain home, than this little fatherland of the Dutchman. In the mountains, we sow and reap the golden grain six and seven thousand feet above the sea, while here some of the inhabitants till the soil twenty-five

feet below the mean level of the German Ocean. Here the keel of the steamer floats above the housetops, while in Utah's vales the children grow to maturity without even the sight of an ocean vessel. So far as my limited knowledge extends, the manner of draining the land is very complete. It is done by constructing stupendous dykes, to the outside of which the water is forced or raised by means of inclined scoop-wheels (generally the scoop-wheels), which are turned by wind-mills placed on successive elevations, so that each wheel does its proportioned part of raising the water three or four feet. The very existence of Holland, or a portion of it, depends entirely on the blowing of the wind; for if the Lord, by a single providence, were to cause the wind to cease a few days only, the water to be removed would so increase, that whole lake districts would be submerged. The annual expense of repairing the dykes and regulating the water levels, is from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 guilders (a guilder is 1s. 8d.). To meet this

and other national expenditures, every body and every article is ruinously taxed: each window-pane, that admits the bright sunlight, the chimney through which the smoke escapes from the aggravatingly small Dutch stove, and even the loaf of bread, after it has been purchased, that furnishes the poor man's table.

Brother Richards and I left London on the 5th inst., per steamer *Concordia*, and arrived in Rotterdam on the 7th, after what was, to both, a very upheaving voyage (in fact, we cast our bread upon the waters,) of forty-four hours, instead of eighteen, the schedule time. We found brother Joseph Weiler awaiting our arrival, and I can assure you we were glad to meet each other. We all remained in Rotterdam that night. The next morning we took train for Amsterdam, via Schiedam, Delft, the Hague, Leiden, and Haarlem. On our arrival at the station, we found brother Francis A. Brown, whom we were very pleased to see, and brother Van Loenen. Brother Richards remained with us at the house of brother Van Loenen two days, recruiting a little from the cold taken while on shipboard, and then took his departure for Denmark. We felt to say, God bless him in his journeyings.

On the 12th inst., brothers Weiler, Brown, Van Loenen, and I, visited the town of Zaandam, situated about ten miles from Amsterdam, across an arm of the Zuider Sea, called the Ij. The town is principally remarkable as being the place where Peter the Great, of Russia, in 1696, worked as a common ship-carpenter, in order that he might be better qualified to instruct his subjects in that art. The little cabin in which he lived is still in existence, but very much dilapidated: it contains two small rooms and an attic. The walls of the little hut are graced by the names of persons from all countries. We thought that a few from Utah would help to make up the general assortment, so with the help of a stick and a bottle of ink, we affixed our names and address in full, in one of the most conspicuous places that we could find, so that those who might read it would, at least, think that we were not ashamed of our

country. We went to see the town expressly for its historical associations with "Peter Bass" (Master Peter, as he was called at that time). On our return, on the steamer, the captain informed us that had it not been snowing, we could have counted more than three hundred wind-mills from the deck.

The city of Amsterdam is certainly a very remarkable city, especially to a "mountain boy" like myself, who has been reared under the shade of the rocky peaks of the Wasatch. It is divided into 90 islands, by the numerous canals, which are traversed by 250 bridges. The surface of the Amstel, (from which the city derives its name) at the place where it flows into the city, is 11 inches below the mean tide, the lowest tide being but $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the Amstel. It is only by the most skilful management of canals and dykes, that the city is rendered entirely free from occasional inundations.

On the 13th instant we had a good meeting with the Saints, about ten of whom were present. The small meeting-room, contained some twenty seats, on which brother Weiler had to pay a per annum tax of seven guilders.

We returned to this place on the 15th inst. The ride of $52\frac{1}{2}$ miles was a most uncomfortable one, owing partly to the filthy habit they have in this country of trying to suffocate every person who wishes to be decent, by their stinking tobacco smoke, and partly to the intensely cold weather. This city is remarkable only as a commercial city, being situated on one of the two great outlets of central Germany, and, I may add, one of the most depraved cities in the world.

When brother Joseph Weiler came to this land, November 1864, there were but ten or twelve Saints here, and they, with but one or two exceptions, were too poor to give a meal. For the first few weeks his health was good. About the middle of January he caught a severe cold, which settled upon his lungs; for three months he was unable to leave the house, and subsisted almost wholly on rusk tea. The place where he lay the most of the time, was by a stairway, up and down which some one was continually

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passing. Brother Samuel Meetz, at whose house brother Weiler was entertained, was very kind in administering all that his circumstances would allow him to do. As soon as brother Weiler was able to travel, he went to Amsterdam. In about four weeks he was taken with the lung fever, and remained prostrated nearly seven weeks, at the house of sister Myres, (one of the first who obeyed the Gospel under brother Paul A. Schuller's administration). The 6th of June, 1865, President B. Young, jun., and family, Elders D. P. Kimball, H. J. Richards, and W. P. Nebeker, called at Rotterdam on their way to Switzerland. They sent to Amsterdam for brother Weiler, not knowing of his illness. When President Young, jun., saw the sinking condition that brother Joseph was in, he immediately communicated with President D. H. Wells, at Liverpool, on the subject. In a short time a proffered release to return to England arrived, but brother Weiler's health had, through the blessing of the Lord, rapidly improved after the administration of the brethren by the laying on of hands, so he concluded to remain. Up to this time he had not been able to study the language but very little, so this was now commenced with all diligence. He continued to study and travel from place to place, as means and circumstances required, until the fore part of January 1866, when he was taken down again with the lung fever, and remained at the house of sister Van Der Elst, very feeble, until just before the emigration time, last April, when he again rallied. His visit to England, France, and Switzerland, much improved his health, and he continued tolerably well until October last, when he was taken with a severe spell of bleeding at the lungs. Since that time he has been blessed with excellent health.

Brother F. A. Brown came to Holland in August 1865. He found brother Weiler in Gorenchem, at the house of brother Jan Van Der Pol. While brother Brown was walking along the street in search of the house, a sister named Valk, who was serving in a shop at the time, saw him, and feeling confident that he was an Elder, although she did not know of any in

the land except brother Weiler, ran out and directed him to the house. Brother Brown remained there, studying the language, until November, but, in the mean time, bearing his testimony to all that he could find who spoke English. In December he went to Amsterdam, and remained a few weeks, and, as before, hunting out all those who could understand English, and bearing a faithful testimony of the "great work." After visiting Rotterdam, he went to Est, in March, where he was taken with a cold; under the depression of a severe cough, he sank so low that many of the people thought he would surely die; but he told them in the name of the Lord, that he would live long enough to baptize all the inhabitants of Est, if they would repent of their sins. He was taken care of at the house of brother G. Bune, who is now in the Valley, and who was exceedingly kind to him. In about four weeks he went to Rotterdam, just previous to the emigration. During the four months of brother Weiler's absence, (to use his own words,) he never saw a white man, with the exception of the few local brethren. The visit of Elder A. Hatch and B. W. Kimball, and the return of brother Weiler, gave him a great deal of satisfaction. With the exception of the illness at Est, and slight spells of rheumatism, brother Brown has enjoyed good health since he came to this land.

The brethren, I am firmly convinced, have labored most assiduously, exerting every nerve to spread the Gospel, but so far, I am sorry to say, with but limited success. The people are astonishingly opposed to baptism. It might be said, with some little propriety—no wonder, for they bear heavy taxation, and labor almost incessantly to keep the whole country from immersion; but this is not it, the fact of the matter is, they seem to evince scarcely any desire for more than that which they have, simply because there is no realization of anything outside the narrow limits of their immense dykes. Many have admitted the soundness of our doctrines, and have treated the brethren with kindness, but baptism seems beyond their obedience. Some of the

priests have conversed with the brethren for hours, and acquiesced in every principle advanced, until the question came, Who, and what are you? "Mormons" would be sufficient; the book would be closed, and sometimes the brethren ordered to quit the house. In several cities the brethren have been from house to house, and when the people would admit them, have borne their testimonies.

The pioneers of the Gospel in this land have had a great deal to contend with; first, a strange language to acquire—a language that is almost wholly without literature, and so far as any apparent future benefit is concerned, totally devoid of interest. In learning the French and German, there is at least the incentive, that whenever one comes into the society of the educated world, he is placed upon a more equal footing; but here, nothing save the love of duty can urge an Elder to proficiency, for outside of Holland, the Dutch is scarcely ever spoken. Secondly, to adapt themselves to customs entirely different from those that they have been accustomed to; for instance, to make a meal from a dish of conglomerated sour-crust and potatoes, chopped wheat bread, buttermilk pop, &c. It is true that such matters are not of much importance, yet they all help to make up the aggregate of trials. The brethren have also labored under great disadvantages, in not having our works in the language, so that the people could read them. Now, however, they have the "Voice of Warning," and the "Latter-day Saints' Faith," by Joseph the Prophet, and two or three others. The brethren feel confident that these will do good,

as soon as the weather will admit travelling through the country. Brothers Weiler and Brown have had to use their own means, to a great extent, the Mission not being able, even now, to sustain them. There are but about 35 members in good standing, and the faith of some of those will, I am afraid, be of short duration. There are two faithful Travelling Elders assisting in the Mission; their names are, P. J. Lammers, and H. Van Steer. The latter I did not meet, but the former, I can say, enjoys a great amount of the Holy Spirit, and is an Elder in very deed.

Not wishing to be too lengthy, I will mention a few names, together with those mentioned heretofore, that have, by their means and faithfulness, assisted in warning the people of Holland:—Elder S. Van Dyk (who has translated the "Voice of Warning," and some other works, from the German); C. L. Van Loenen, and family; Jan Van Der Pol, and family; W. Verhey; J. Duibiez, and wife; Y. Kingma; sisters Leintje Myres, O. Valk, J. Staadvast, and H. A. Werkhoeven. We are now stopping at the house of sister Van Der Elst, who has ever been kind to the brethren.

Brothers Weiler and Brown join with me in love to yourself, brother Preston, sister Young, and all in the office. Praying God to bless you all, I remain your brother,

JOHN W. YOUNG.

P.S.—I left Rotterdam on the 22nd inst., and arrived in London on the 23rd, after a very delightful passage of 24 hours. Brothers N. H. Felt, C. W. Penrose, O. B. Young, and G. Sangiovanni, wish to be remembered.

J. W. Y.

FAMINE IN INDIA.—The Famine Commission have nearly concluded their work in Orissa. What may be their decision on the serious personal questions at issue, they themselves can hardly know as yet. But this much is certain, they have discovered that the magnitude of the calamity was not exaggerated by the non-official public. Even Mr. T. Ravenshaw, the Commissioner who refused to see famine up to the 2nd of May, and would see stores of grain which had no existence, now confesses that one-fourth of the whole population of Orissa have perished—that is, at the lowest computation, more than a million. Add the mortality of Midnapore, which was as great, Ganjam, and other parts of Bengal, and the deaths must be reckoned at a million and a half on the most moderate estimate.

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